

Ye sold to sense! ye citizens of earth!
 For such alone the christian banner fly,
 Know ye how wise your choice—how great your gain?
 Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
 "He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back
 "And says he call'd another; that arrives,
 "Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;
 "Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
 "But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
 "Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
 "A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
 Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
 That hour so late is nimble in approach;
 That, like a post, comes on in full career:
 How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!
 Where is the fable of thy former years?
 Thrown down the gulph of time, as far from thee
 As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
 Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
 Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;
 And each swift moment fled is death advanced
 By strides as swift: eternity is all;
 And whose eternity? who triumphs there,
 Bathing for ever in the font of bliss,
 For ever basking in the Deity?
 LORENZO! who?—thy conscience shall reply:
 O give it leave to speak; 'twill speak ere long,
 Thy leave unask'd: LORENZO! hear it now,
 While useful its advice, its accent mild.

By the great edict, the divine decree,
 Truth is deposited with man's last hour;
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust:
 Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
 Truth, of his council when he made the worlds,
 Nor less when he shall judge the worlds he made;
 Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound
 Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys;
 That heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls,
 But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
 Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd,
 * The goddess bursts in thunder and in flame;
 Loudly convinces, and severely pains:
 Dark demons I discharge, and hydra-stings;
 The keen vibration of bright truth—is hell:
 Just definition! though by schools untaught.
 Ye deaf to truth! peruse this parson'd page,
 And trust for once a prophet and a priest;
 "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

